

■ore no imouto ga konnani kawaii wake ga nai

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ANIPLEX

■ore no imouto ga konnani kawaii wake ga nai



BD/DVD限定版特典書セドウのし小説





atashi ga aniki ni  
jinsei soudan nante  
suru wake nai

あたしが  
兄貴に人生相談  
なんてする  
わけない

# **I can't Possibly Ask for Life Counseling From My Brother**

I have a secret that I can't tell to anyone.

A very important, my dearest, but yet sometimes painful and loathful secret.

To me, I have no idea what to do with the secret.

Unable to abandon it, unable to be proud of it, a secret that I can't tell anyone forever, and to be brought to my grave.

Although that is not too good...

But what can I do?

My name is Kousaka Kirino. A 14 year-old middle-school student. I am part of my school's athletic team, and my grades are outstanding.

My looks are extremely cute, and thus recently my photos are published on magazines as a reader-model.

For someone like me, who seems perfect to outsiders and myself, I do have some troubles of my own...

That day, while I was making a call in the living room, that guy came back from school.

"I'm back."

With a lazy voice, that guy opened the door of the living room.

There's no one else at home except for me. Which means... that line was meant for me.

How rare... His head must be wrong somewhere.

'Are you stupid?' I scolded silently in my heart. Hmph, there's no way I'll reply.

"Eeh? It can't be~? What are you talking about? Haha, what an idiot."

I deliberately talked loudly, deciding to ignore that guy's speech.

What's wrong Kirino, why the sudden increase in volume - It seems like I've made the other end perplexed about it. I apologized to her in my heart.

It's all that guy's fault. Here I am lying on the sofa and enjoy a chat, and he caused me to feel slightly unhappy.

As long as he had not left yet, I continued to mutter "just go away" repeatedly under my breath.

"Ok, I understand. I'll leave after a change of clothes."

Hanging up the call, I left with a giggle.

Great, now I have a reason to go to the station.

After meeting my friend, there may be enough time to visit the <Obsessed Specialty Shop>... Let's take out <that> from my bag.

My heart can't help but look forward to being healed.

However, that feeling lasted only for an instant,  
"Che."

That guy's voice shattered the beautiful feeling I had.

His presence disappeared with the opening of the door.

"Che, how disgusting. What's that? Just die already."

That guy's name is Kousaka Kyousuke. He is a 17 year-old high school student who lived under the same roof as me. Black hair, a slim build, average height, and although his face is not ugly, the eyes of his that is similar to those of a dead fish spoil the whole look. He always shows a lazy expression, like one that is almost asleep. He's not particular about clothings, and is those type of person who does not stands out from the crowd. Totally opposite of me.

In my eyes, that guy has not been happy. At least in these few years, he had not even smiled to me once. Hmph, it's not like I want to see that.

This is one of the many things that trouble and angers me.

A long time ago, when I was a child, I used to call that guy "onii-chan".

But now, "that guy" will do fine.

The brother that I am familiar with is no longer around.

To help you guys in understanding, I'll refer to <that guy> as <Kyousuke> for now.

Although I do not want to refer to him as that, it is unavoidable.

Seizing the opportunity, I walked to my room after Kyousuke left the living room, to prepare for the trip.

My house is a 2 story independent house. Family consist of my father, mother, Kyousuke and me.

A rather well-to-do small family that does not lack anything.

Kyousuke and my room are both on the second floor. After a change into my casual clothes, I head back to the living room down stairs. Past the dining room, into the kitchen. I took the barley tea from the fridge.

... Che, that guy, he could have drank straight from the pack...

This thought flashed past my mind, and I can no longer drink the barley tea.

I'll rather die than to have an indirect kiss with that guy.

"Eww, that's too disgusting..."

That's just too exaggerated, do you have a cleanliness fetish? Perhaps some of you will think in this way. However, it will be understandable if you put yourself into someone's shoes, who is part of a pair of siblings of similar age.

I took a quick drink of mineral water, and do a final check on the mirror.

Let out an extremely cute smile.

"Great, perfect."

Taking my bag from the table, I took brisk steps towards the main

door.

Just when I was about to leave the living room...

"Huh?"

I knocked into Kyousuke on the first level.

Bump. My breast knocked gently into Kyousuke's shoulders.

Wh.....!? Th-this guy is horrible! Whe-Where does he think he is touching?

I fell onto the ground in a sitting position. My bag was knocked away from me as a result as well.

The contents in the bag spilled everywhere.

"Ah...."

A chill went down my spine. Be-because! <The thing> that will reveal my hobby in an instant was in the bag as well.

"Oh, sorry about that."

Irregardless, the clueless Kyousuke reached his hand out for the make-up. Kyaaaa this is bad this is bad this is bad!

Pa! I slapped Kyousuke's hand away.

"Wha..."

Kyousuke hastily withdrew his hand in shock and stared at me sternly.

Ahhhh..... No, nonono, I have to, I have to come up with something... I have to trick this idiot and shove him away!

Even though my expressions were fierce, my heart was in a mess. With much difficult, I managed to say in a unwavering voice.

"... Right, do not touch it."

Qu-Quick! Scram quickly! Ughhhhhh...!

Perhaps my stern stare was working. Kyousuke was slightly taken back, and he froze in place.

Okay, it's now or never...

I picked up the scattered make-up and walked quickly to the entrance.

I deftly put on my shoes, and with my back facing Kyousuke, I said softly.

"... I am off."

Shut the door with a bang.

"Phew..."

Finally, a sigh of relieve.

What, what a shock. Things will be messy if my secrets are revealed...

"Ah, it is time... I'll have to hurry."

I took a look at my watch, and began to jog. Even though my shoes are not made to run, there's no problem after I got used to it. I am quite good at running already. I felt comfortable whenever I am running, and all my troubles will be gone in an instant.

Inexplicably, Kyousuke's timid looks kept loitering in my mind.

"... Why is he afraid of his younger sister? Is he an idiot?"

Such a pitiful person ain't my brother.

I hatehatehatehate - HATE the guy the most.

Because, that guy hates me too, right?

No, perhaps it is even worse.

Even though we've talked a lot unexpectedly for today, that is not the case usually. I've forgotten when, but our relationship has become one that can't be called as a brother-sister relationship. We'll ignore each other even if there's eye contact. We no longer hold conversations. His attitude towards me is worse than that towards an ordinary person. It's beyond dislike.

The cold look of his, as though he is looking at an outsider, makes me feel disgusted beyond words.

"To me, you are not of importance, and are of no relation to me."

It's as though he conveyed that line through the cold look of his.

Who will want to interact to a person like that? To talk intimately? That's impossible, surely.

Just as well. To me, his existence is of no importance too!

That's right. It's all that guy's fault.

The anxiety in my heart is due to him. The worries from my hobby is due to him. My hatred towards him as well - it's all his fault.

I definitely cannot forgive him.

It was after the meeting with my friend and at the <Obsessed Specialty Shop>, where I noticed the biggest failure in my life.

My real motive in going to the station - it is to obtain a promotional item from <a certain event at the shop>. I was prepared to take out the item I've secretly smuggled out when...

"... It can't be."

I muttered softly in shock. I searched my bag again in vain as my hopes are dashed.

None. <That>, is not in my bag.

Immediately I recalled.

"... Dropped it... back then..."

My face back then must have turned green.

Rushed back home immediately.

Searched the entrance where I bumped into Kyousuke with all my might.

"Nothing...!? Nothing.....!?"

However, I still can't find it.

I flipped through the box that is used to store clogs, and searched through every pair of shoes, but I still can't find it.

"What should I do..."

Could it have been taken away by someone? That can't be!? That would be bad! If that happens...

I thought of the <treasure> of mine that I've lost.

"Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!"

I grabbed by head and let out a pitiful wail. Cold sweat began to flow. My body began to shiver uncontrollably from the cold, my teeth chattered. Ahh... Whoa..... I gave out incomprehensible cries.

Just when I was displaying my ugly self unknowingly.

"What's wrong Kirino? Why are you wailing out loud here?"

"Eeh!?"

I turned my head immediately, and found my mother looking at me anxiously in her aprons.

"Are you looking for anything?"

"Urm... Urm... Right. Ah-Ahhaha... I've found it, it's fine now."

"Really? That's fine then... First Kyousuke, then Kirino. What's there at the entrance?"

I've no idea what that means.

"Anyway, dinner's almost ready. Hurry up and change."

"Ri-right."

I answered with a smile. Mother entered the living room once again.

I let out a sigh.

... from that, it seems like Mother had not picked up <that>. Father's not back... Which means, someone else found it...?

Just when I was staring at the entrance and thinking, a voice came

from the side.

"...Hmm, what are you doing there?"

It's Kyousuke. My heart almost jumped out of my mouth in fright. I faked my calmness and turned around.

"..... Huh?"

Our eyes met, and sparks flew.

"Che, nothing."

Kyousuke left the living room.

Even though I've won the staring match, my feelings did not brighten up one bit.

I've not found the lost item. It felt like I'll never get it back, and it's saddening.

On the dining desk were curry and miso soup. The family gathered together to eat. In this house, the kitchen, dining room and living room are connected together, and gives out a spacious feeling without the partitions.

Kyousuke and I sat side by side, facing our parents.

The television is airing the news. The solemn reporter was talking about the impact of exports due to Yen's rise in strength.

Father's drinking the soup silently. His casual clothes fit his huge physique perfectly, giving out a sharp aura not unlike that of a samurai. He is a policeman, and has dan-ranks in Kendo and Judo. His whole body releases a suffocating presence, unlike someone.

On the other side Mother is eating the delicious curry.

"My first dish that was praised by your father is the curry," it seems like an incident that made Mother cried from happiness. After hearing that, as a daughter, I've no reason to stop Mother from making curry. Just to sidetrack a little, even though Mother looked simple with her light make-up, she is actually a real beauty. Well, I guess she is my mother, so that is to be expected.

Then onto Kyousuke. He still looks like someone who's about to commit suicide, as usual. His actions are suspicious though.

He kept stealing glances at Mother's and Father's face.

... What is this guy doing? Disgusting...

Just when I was scorning at Kyousuke, he finished his clam soup and spoke to Mother.

"I'll like to make a trip to the convenient store later. Is there anything you'll like me to buy?"

"Ah, how about the new flavour of Haagen-Dazs? The limited seasonal flavour."

"Right."

With that ordinary conversation, Kyousuke continued with a shocking topic.

"You know, I have a friend who's recently interested in shoujo anime, right, I think it is Kira something something."

Wait!? What did that guy just said!?

"Why did you suddenly bring this up?"

Mother tilted her head inexplicably. Kyousuke continued.

"Oh it's nothing. He introduced it to me, saying that it is interesting. I thought it will be harmless to give it a shot."

So it's him.

Indeed, he is the culprit.

Wh-What... What's with the "it will be harmless to give it a shot"?

This is bad! Too bad too bad too bad too bad too bad! To think this guy picked it up...

I almost snapped my spoon into two in anger, but Mother's next line put a twist in the situation.

"The television had talked about it... You can't turn into that, right Father?"

"Yes. You don't have to get yourself exposed to the bad influence."

Father replied emotionlessly without a change in expression.

.....

About my <lost item>, how much do they know about it, how do I get it back - these things, there should have been a lot of things I should be thinking about.

My heart was in a pain. I was tired from just holding back my tears.

"Huuu.... huu....."

Why must my family say such things?

If it is like this... to find a person to confide and discuss... is no longer possible...

"....."

I bit my lips, and endured the feelings of embarrassment and regret.

"... Kirino?"

Noticing my weird actions, Mother stared at my face.

I do not want anyone to see me on a state where I was about to cry.

"... I am full."

With that I left the scene quickly, moving away from the living room to the second story. Perhaps Father will get angry about it, but now is not the time to be thinking about it.

Back in my room, I roughly threw the green cushion on my bed.

Stop joking, stop joking, stop joking, stop joking...

My angry voices repeatedly rang in my head.

After taking out my anger at the cushion, I head felt clearer to think about things again.

"What should I do..."

I muttered softly while standing. I doubt that guy will be interested in holding <that> for too long. Thankfully, it seems like he had not realized that <that> belongs to me.

... Well, he probably cannot imagine me owning <those stuff>.

Anyway - I have to get that back quick. It's not just because I have to

prevent myself from getting exposed, there's also the fact that <that> is my most precious <treasure>.

But, what should I do?

My brain's working at high speeds, but not one good idea popped up.

Unexpectedly, the chance to get the item back came rather early.

Outside the house.

"Well then, off to the convenient store."

Came an idiot sounding voice. It's Kyousuke's voice.

That guy... now that he mention it, he did say he is going to the convenient store.

I ran out of the room in a flash and looked downwards. From downstairs came Kyousuke's silhouette. Kyousuke's back disappeared in a corner, and before long the sounds of closing the door can be heard.

Looks like he is out.

I glanced at the side. That's Kyousuke's room.

"....."

I placed my hand naturally at the chest. My heart is beating wildly.

"... Right."

I grabbed the door knob and turned it. My memory is right. There's no lock on the door of Kyousuke's room.

I can't imagine him living in a room without privacy. I wouldn't be able to tolerate it.

"...."

After slight hesitation, and then I opened the door determinedly. Together with a slight creak, the room came into view. The corridor's light shone weakly into the room. A smell of a boy's room, different of that of my room, came to my nose.

"... Disgusting."

I said softly while knitting my brows. After some fondling about, I managed to locate the switch and turned on the lights. The room seemed so pathetic in clear view with the lights on. Green carpet, blue curtains. An ordinary calendar was pasted on the wall. There's also a typical study desk.

I closed the door and bit my lips.

"Che... If I don't hurry up..."

Even if it is that guy's room, the kind me will still feel a sense of guilt when I trespass it. Due to this, my heart felt a surge of tightness not to be experienced in ordinary times.

I could feel the thumping of my heart.

Took a quick glance around the room, and the target was nowhere to be seen. I yield nothing after carefully looking through the book shelves, tea set and dressing cabinet a few times.

... Ugh... It's not in this room? Hmm... Is there anywhere else I've not looked through...

For example - a knowledge from certain games.

It is said that guys hide H books under their beds.

Similar to a dog burying its bone underground.

"Could it be..."

Half in doubt, I took a quick look under the bed.

"Oh..."

Hidden under the bed are a few dirty paper boxes.

What a verrrrrrrrrry hateful premonition. However, there's nowhere more suspicious than there to hide <that>.

Enduring corrupted and impure thoughts, I dragged the box out and opened it. And then.

"Eeh? Un-Unbelievable..."

The cute and innocent me felt like crying upon seeing the contents of the box.

Just as expected, the box held a huge amount of H books.

"No! It's too disgusting! So disgusting! Die already!"

That, that guy...! He had always shown a face saying < I'm not interested in girls >... And yet deep down... He's been thinking nothing but these ero stuff!? He's the worst!

Just like an idiot! And what is this!? Upon a closer look, all the girls are wearing glasses! Does he like glasses that much? What's the difference with wearing one and not wearing it?

Totally incomprehensible!

"Ahhhhh really!"

I pinched the dirty and sinful materials, book by book and placed it at the side, until the base of the box was shown. However, the box did not contain my treasure.

Next, his dressing cabinet, could there be...? While thinking about it, I placed the H books back in the box and shoved it under the bed.

"... Guuu... It should be in here.... Emm... Heisho..."

Just then.

Bang!

"..... Oi.... What are you doing?"

"Huh!?"

A voice came from the back. I froze in position, my buttocks in the air.

Wh-Why is this guy here!? Didn't he went to the convenient store!?

My heart is utterly confused.

- Could I have been exposed!?

I turned my head, and found Kyousuke staring at me coldly. My face went pale.

"... What are you doing? I am asking you a question."

"..... It's none of your business."

I gasped for air and barely answered. However, his questioning did

not stop there.

"... How can this be none of my business? Entering another person's room casually to search through his stuff... If it was done to you, what will you think?"

It made me really angry when the person I hate had said something right.

Saying it in a tone as though he is superior. And yet he hides H books under his bed...

Although I wanted to say that, but in that situation I was indeed in the wrong. So I did not say it. It feels exaggerated and wrong if I did.

"....."

I escaped his glares silently. I stood up slowly and faced Kyousuke.

"Move aside..."

"No way. Answer me. What are you doing here?"

"Move aside!"

I can't possibly answer that!

"... I know. You are looking for this, right?"

Huh?

Kyousuke slowly took out.

It's the DvD box-set of my favourite anime, <Kira ☆ Stardust Witch Meruru>. I had an uncontrollable liking for this anime. It's because of a Meruru event that I went to the station with the DvD box-set today.

That's right. I've no choice but to admit it. But if that's the case, wouldn't I be labeled as an otaku that is looked down by the family? To make things worse, my passion for anime loses to no one!

This is the <secret> that I have difficulty telling anyone about. The secret that belongs only to me.

And yet it's discovered by that guy...!

Upon seeing the lost item, I suddenly reached out for the DvD.

"This...!?"

Kyousuke however dodged my hands, and knocked the back of the DvD box with a mischievous expression on his face.

"Fuu... Indeed, this thing is yours, right?"

"... How can that possibly be?"

Can't admit it. No matter what I must feign ignorance.

This... This guy. I don't want to expose my weak side to him!

“No? I picked this up at the entrance after bumping into you. Didn’t you drop some things then?”

“Definitely not.... It’s not mine. Su-Such, such a childish anime... I’ll never watch... it.”

It’s painful to lie. To deny liking your favourite thing... It’s that painful.

“If you are not looking for this, then what are you doing in my room?”

“... Because... That’s because!”

“That’s because? Because of what?”

“.....”

I fell silent again. Biting my lips with my heads lowered.

How regretful. I regret it, I regret it, I regret it... I... Why must I be lectured by such a guy? Is it that weird for me to like <such stuff>?

This is really bad... I’m at a loss of what to do.

Even then, I do not wish to let him see my crying face. My shoulders shivered slightly as I tried to hold back my tears.

“.....”

Instead, I stared at him with all my might. Even if the chance was a million to one, I still hoped he could understand my feelings.

That thought was replaced with feelings of fear.

If he opened the box, and saw the <contents>.....

... I can’t watch it, right? This guy must have known my secrets already.

My secret, is that I really like anime targeted for kids... as if. It’s that I have such a cute face, and yet I am an otaku... as if. There’s a bigger secret that can’t be joked about.

The secret that I want no one to know of, has been discovered by Kyousuke.

Even if I deny it now, the evidences... It’s over... it’s all over...

... Will Kyousuke use it to threaten me...? If you do not want your secrets to be exposed, you'll have to listen to my orders – such developments are not uncommon in games I've played in the past...

Unwillingly I've began to take notice of the <stuff> under Kyousuke's bed.

A feeling of unease was expanding endlessly within me. It's difficult to even stand.

And in such a tense situation, Kyousuke spoke.

“Here, take it.”

With a casual voice and action, Kyousuke stuffed the DvD box into my chest.

Huh?

I looked at Kyousuke for a moment, not comprehending his actions.

“It must be something important, right? I'll return it, so keep it carefully.”

“I-I said this thing isn't mine...”

“Then throw it away for me.”

“Ha?”

Throw it away... What's with this development?

There's no... threat? Don't you love to tease me? Why are you not teasing me now?

Kyousuke returned the DvD box to me, and said in a gentle voice that sounds like a lie.

“I am sorry, it seems like I’ve misunderstood. I know this isn’t yours. Though I’ve no idea who this thing belongs to, I don’t really want it either. While apologizing to you, can I request that you throw this away for me?”

“.....”

This... This guy...

At this stage, even I knew what that guy meant.

Even then, I could not help but be suspicious of the gentle actions of someone who is supposed to look down on me.

“..... Urm... Th-that is okay.”

In the end, I took back my most precious treasure, while still very much in doubt.

Kyousuke relaxed his arms and stepped away from the door, as if to prompt me to leave this room.

And I exchanged positions with Kyousuke and walked towards the door.

Hugging the DvD in my chest, a sense of comfort and security spread through my heart.

“... Ha.....”

Th-That’s unbelievable! How long has it been since that guy last treated me nicely without baring his fangs?

Perhaps I was still nervous; my heart was still beating quickly. My mind couldn’t seem to cool down either...

As such, I did something that even I myself cannot explain.

“.... Urm... Hey.”

I said to Kyousuke.

Of course, Kyousuke was not expecting me to talk to him. He said, “Huh?” in an idiotic voice.

“What?” Kyousuke asked nervously.

But then, even I myself was uncertain of what to say. What do I actually have to say to this guy...

“..... It’s weird... isn’t it?”

“What’s weird?”

“I am saying... that. Let’s just say, if, and I am saying if. If... that thing is mine... wouldn’t you find me weird...?”

I was like an idiot.

This type of question, the answer – it’s crystal clear.

“It’s alright. There’s nothing weird about it.”

The words that came out of Kyousuke’s mouth, however, were not quite what I had anticipated.

“... You really, really think so? ..... Really?”

“Yup. No matter what your interest is, I’ll never tease you.”

A strong and definite answer. That voice made me feel nostalgic all of the sudden. I couldn’t help... but ask childishly, like I had done so in the past.

“Really? Definitely?”

“You are such a pain. I am saying the truth. You can believe me.”

“.... Is that so.... Fufu.”

So it is like this... This guy, he had no intention of laughing at my interest...

... Phew...

I nodded my head a few times, then left Kyousuke’s room with the Meruru DvD hugged tightly in my chest.

My heart was beating wildly.

Upon returning to my room, even as I laid on my bed...

“Yup. No matter what your interest is, I’ll never tease you.”

Kyousuke’s words rang endlessly in my mind.

And then, I...

Right now, I am walking from my room to Kyousuke’s room.

I bring along with me a heart lost in its ways, and a calm determination. The complicated feelings of nostalgia and a carefree attitude interweaved in my heart, and spins around continuously.

Towards that guy, what am I planning to say?

With these feelings, how am I supposed to express them with words?

Even without being really sure of the current situation, I turn the door knob.

The only thing I had thought of, was the very first line I am about to

say.

~ END ~



墮天聖  
の  
追憶

datensei no tsuioku

# Memories of a Fallen Angel

As a citizen of darkness, 'I' entered a body in 'this world' in May. Just like everyone in the mirror world, I'm a 'queen', a 'black beast', and a 'knight', but in 'this world' I had no choice but to live a boring 'human' life. Now, the dimension where I'm currently residing is an old living room with a dark pillar.

That kind of room is a bit like my place from when I was the 'black beast'. But despite a good amount of magical energy, those noisy creatures always rampaged day and night, which caused me a lot of stress.

I fell asleep because of the noise before, but now I had woken up.

—I took a look around.

The big standing mirror in front of me showed a body of a fifteen years old girl.

All she wore was her underwear.

Putting on my prepared contact lens, I stared back at myself on the mirror.

When I met with 'the queen' before, this child-like body was unable to take on my beauty and charm. All it could take were my long black hair and pure white skin.

“...Hmph.”

—I called this miserable body ‘Kuroneko’.

On TV, there were some animal-like figures, which were that girl’s ‘real self’.

I picked up the folded clothes by my feet, slowly and carefully putting them on.

They were black, just like those of 'the queen'. In some way, they were like combat gear.

And the truth is, ‘the queen’ did kill thousand of angels when she wore these clothes.

But although I was wearing the same clothes that ‘the queen’ wore when she went to the battlefield...

I didn’t even know what kind of enemy I was about to face.

It was in late May that I had joined the SNS<sup>[1]</sup> group ‘Otaku Girls United’. Wanting information on the currently airing anime ‘Maschera ~Lament of the Fallen Beast~’, and having signed up to an SNS dedicated to that (and one that did not need invitations), I quickly joined several communities related to "Maschera". That girls-only otaku group was just one of them.

That day, too, I had been patrolling several communities at once, scrolling through topics.

Human tastes are so difficult to understand, I thought in a moment of brief joy.

Then—suddenly, a topic caught my attention.

“Tea party invitation.”

The way it was named was a sensitive spot of mine (if this topic was called ‘Offline invitation’, I would definitely not enter it). The one who posted it was ‘Saori’, this group’s administrator, a funny women who had an elegant and courteous attitude together with extensive otaku knowledge. She should be a university students or around that age, the indoor type, and have a mixed origin which gave her beautiful, pure white skin.

That was my first impression of ‘Saori’.

I thought that maybe this girl would be my first servant in the human world.

“...Hmph...tea party huh...”

Interested, I clicked on this topic. The content was within my expectations; in short, it said ‘We are going to have a offline party in a maid café at Akihabara’. But such simple words just like a hand gently covered my frozen heart.

—No, I should make it clearer.

For the ‘current me’, this event was a ‘stepping stone’ that happened one year before. Many might have forgotten about it. In short, after I joined this group, I became friend with ‘Saori’ and ‘someone I haven’t met’.

The day of the ‘tea party’. When I walked out of the entrance,

behind me, my little sister called to me “Be careful on your way” and “Do your best”.

“...I’m going out. The meal is at its usual place. Make sure to wash your hand after eating.”

Such trivial interactions could cause a change in one’s destiny. That is what the ‘current me’ thinks.

Because if ‘me from that time’ took off her Maschera mask, then she would revert back to a hesitant, pathetic coward.

In my dark uniform, I arrived at the ‘Holy land’. The cursed sun burned on my skin. But it’s not unbearable. I put on a thin layer of magical aura to shield myself from the sun.

“...Oh...”

My sight was a bit fuzzy, but it was definitely not because of the heat. It was because of the air.

I elegantly walked to where we agreed to meet before the tea party—the JK bus station in Akihabara. It was a bit sooner than our agreed time, but there were some already there. I took a look around.

From the look of it...

“—Since there’s not much time left, how about we take a walk later after the tea party?”

“I got it already. Beside, don’t get too close to me.”

There was a strange pair of lovers quarreling at the bus station.

“...This man...?”

I looked at them. Somehow, the man seemed familiar.

And I got the feeling that I have seen him recently...and not just once...but not matter how hard I thought, I couldn't remember.

From his appearance, he is a high-schooler with a average body build. The only thing worth mentioning about him was his dull eyes and a bit of anxiousness in his voice.

And about the girl—

“Are you an idiot? Hurry up and go.”

She had an appearance that just showed off its glamor—or more accurately, no matter how you describe that figure, her simple existence gave off light. That moment I associated her with ‘UrielSeraph’<sup>[2]</sup> must be because my instincts as a ‘fallen angel’ recognized her as an ‘angel’ and an ‘enemy’. Her age should be a little more than mine; at least, she didn’t look younger than me. Slender and tall, along with a well-proportioned face, even a clown would feel inferior to her<sup>[3]</sup>.

She is such an attractive girl, but also someone I couldn’t stand.

Her brown-dyed hair, a pair of earrings on her ears, and her long, polished nails—everything about her was an eyesore.

Besides, her clothes revealed a lot of skin. What a shameless girl.

To wear such a thing to Akihabara... Is she an idiot?

“Yeah, yeah—see you later.”

The man waved his hand at the girl and left. From an outsider point of view, it didn't make any sense. If this was their date, then it would be very strange to leave on foot right next to a bus station.

Could it be that this girl is also taking part in the 'tea party'?

"...Hmph... Impossible...how could that be."

I smiled because of my hilarious thought.

Right then, the brown-haired girl who was sticking her tongue out at the back of the man turned to me.

(—What are you looking at? Want me to kill you?)

That was what her eyes told me.

"...Oh..."

What an idiotic girl... But your stare...is definitely not scary...

—No no no. It's not scary at all! ...Hmph...because I'm 'the queen', a 'black beast' of 'the knight', 'the fallen angel of Chiba', an 'S-class demon'. I will not lose—no matter what, so I stared back.

"Hmph!"

The brown-haired girl kept staring at me—then she looked to the side.

Such a horrible...no, such a nasty girl...

Just like water and oil, angel and demon.

'We' would automatically hate each other from our first look.

The worst possible first impression.

That was my and this girl—Kousaka Kirino’s fateful encounter.

I didn’t want to stand close to this brown-haired girl, so I walked away from the bus station.

At the same time, the brown-haired girl folded her arms and stood in the middle of the pathway.

She openly interfered with others who were moving.

Because she frequently looked at the time, she was probably waiting for someone else too.

“Hmph...could it be that because of that girl the others don’t want to get any closer?”

What an unbelievable imagination.

...And so.

I secretly looked for ‘Saori’. Of course, since we have never met before, I didn’t even know how she looked. But I knew what to look for.

Because she clearly stated what she would wear for today.

“Green clothing. Big glasses and tall body...huh.”

She must be what I imagined.

But—my expectation was totally destroyed.

Right when the meeting time arrived, a ‘giant’ appeared at the bus station.

It was absurd to call her a girl anymore.

She was like a titan.

180 centimeters tall, spiral glasses, plain shirt with the hem put inside her jeans—a typical otaku appearance.

The Atlastitan<sup>[4]</sup> stood next to the brown-haired girl and waved her hand:

“Everyone who's taking part in the ‘Otaku Girl United’ tea party—please come here!”

She was calling for the private group meeting.

“...Ah?”

The brown-haired girl was stunned. Even my eyes were about to pop out of their sockets.

Every other members taking part in this tea party were confused.

No one was brave enough to go anywhere close to such a big girl.

...Really... Green shirt...big glasses...tall... No doubt about it...

Everyone here must've thought ‘This can't be true’ and wanted to get away.

“Ah? No one here yet? Hm hm—‘Otaku Girl United offline tea party’ over here! Everyone, over here! I'm the administrator of the group, Saori!”

...What... Just now...what did she say...?

...My bag had fallen on the ground.

First was the brown-haired girl, followed by several girls at the bus station. All of them fell on their asses, their mouths hanging open.

It was so unbelievable! Such a huge otaku girl is ‘Saori’?

...At least from their reactions, I knew that the brown-haired girl was going to take part in this tea party. But something even more surprising happened.

The brown-haired angel-like girl was the first to stand back up.

She didn’t pay any attention to her dirtied miniskirt, and asked:

“You...you are...‘Saori’?”

“That’s right.”

The titan in spiral glasses nodded. Then she pointed her finger at the sky in excitement.

“Everyone! Come with me to our meeting place!”

Such an order somehow made everyone relaxed.

The disorganized members gathered around her.

No one had any doubts anymore. Although we only knew her via the Internet, such charisma was enough to convince everyone that she was our leader.

“...”

I was unable to face such a dream-like scene. I held my right chest.

—I’m one of the members too.

Such a simply sentence, but until Saori called to me, I was unable to

speak it out.

That was the first meeting between me and the titan—Saori.

Kirino and Saori.

Compared to after spending more than a year creating such a ‘bond’, at first I only called them ‘shining angel’ and ‘titan’.

I never told them—

That since our first meeting, they carved a sense of inferiority complex deep in my ‘heart world’.

The stir caused by Saori’s appearance soon died down. We started doing some offline activities. Some girls had started introducing each other. Of course, I didn’t join in with them.

Start a conversation with others yourself.

With only that, I found a tall obstacle in my path.

...But I had a secret plan. Heart throbbing, I waited for someone to talk to me—but why wasn’t anyone approaching at all?

“...Strange.”

I stayed up late last night to prepare these ‘charming black clothes’.

My forehead covered in sweat, I looked around in panic.

And then—

“Ah, aren’t these clothes cute? When I visited Harajuku before—”

“...Um...um...that...hey...”

“This is very popular now isn’t it? Right? When I went to Akihabara...”

Unlike me, the brown-haired girl was having a normal conversation with others.

...Sometimes, people would get along since their first meeting.

All it took was someone to speak first...

That was something I couldn’t do. I really admired that, but...

“Okay, talk about it later.”

“Ah? Ah—”

The one who was talking with the brown-haired girl spoke and escaped.

She clearly showed a ‘this girl is so annoying’ expression.

“Ah? Ah—why?”

The brown-haired girl didn’t understand what just happened, and had a confused expression.

“...Oh kuh kuh kuh...”

...A clueless bitch. From her clothes and her attitude, it was clear that she wasn’t used to Akihabara.

This time, I laughed from the bottom of my heart, unable to stop.

I felt better now, knowing that someone else wasn’t able to have a conversation with others either.

The one who gave me the worst first impression was the same as me, unable to talk with anyone else. I felt happy, just like electricity was running through my veins.

Maybe I was laughing too hard, as the brown-haired girl turned her head to me.

(...What are you laughing at? Annoying.)

I could feel this is what she wanted to say.

(...I don't know what you are talking about? Don't make a foolish statement.)

I also sent my thought back to her.

We stared at each other for a few minutes, until the atmosphere turned to almost unbearable.

Before the others felt that, Saori spoke:

“Everyone, let's go to the maid café now! Please follow me!”

We both were affected by her loud voice, but we still stared at each other with unpleasant eyes.

“...”

“...”

Neither one of us had any intention of giving up. So when the pressure from the brown-haired girl disappeared, I almost lost balance.

We followed our group.

Our destination was the café ‘Lovely garden’.

“Alright, is everyone here—?”

Saori checked around, nodded “Alright” and walked into the café.

We followed her. In front of me, for some reason the brown-haired girl was looking around in a panic.

“Welcome back, master!”

After we went inside, some girls in maid outfits came and greeted us. From their professional conduct, it was clear that they had a lot of training. But since sewing is one of my hobbies, their clothes caught my attention.

—Good outfit, I thought, nodding.

Not only did it look cute, it was also practical and easy to move around in. Wearing a cute outfit and showing a bright smile—those maids made people envious.

Someday I wanted to wear that too... The thought crossed my mind for a second, before I shook my head and forgot it.

“Hmph...such clothes are not fitting for a citizen of darkness like me.”

I looked down and whispered. Because now it was very easy for others to hear my voice if I’m not careful.

Not everyone could worry about their own voice like that. If you wanted to practice, just record your own voice and listen to it later. The other girls smiled with me, which meant they agreed... Good.

My heart was racing. I was worried that someone would hear it right

now.

“I have booked a seat here—gozaru...”

Saori spoke to the maid.

“Yes. What is your name, please?”

“Saori Bajeena.”

Saori openly spoke her name. Somehow, in an instant, her image turned into an aristocratic in my eyes. And at that moment—

Pfffff—! One man in a nearby table did a spit-take. He probably reacted after hearing Saori’s name... But although I had experienced ‘the difference between real life and imagination’ myself a while ago, for an outsider, that reaction is unbelievable.

“...Cough...cough...!?”

Everyone’s attention were upon him. Seeing how the maid treated him, some even sounded jealous.

“...That guy...what is he doing...idiot...”

I heard someone said that in the vicinity.

When my attention was still on that man, the others had been led to their seat.

...Ah...I shouldn’t do that...

Putting on a blank expression to hide my nervousness, I followed them to my seat.

Some girls were already talking with whoever sat next to them. But I had no interest in joining with that kind of conversation. Still, since this is a ‘tea party’, I didn’t mind speak my mind if they talked about ‘Maschera’. I looked for Saori’s seat, but both seats next to her had already been occupied. Ah...this can’t be helped, she was both our administrator and manager after all...

“Now...”

I looked around for a seat and sighed. There was only one seat left, which would undoubtedly attract less attention.

“...Ah...”

I was late.

During an offline meeting, where you sat at the beginning is the most important factor.

That was what was written last night on the ‘Guide to a successful offline meeting’ website. Since I had memorized them all, in theory I’m a professional in offline meeting.

“Um...that seat over here...”

“O-oh! I got it...”

Suddenly, someone speaking that caused me nearly to jump in surprise...

I pushed my anger down and sat on the remaining seat.

I bit on my tongue, taking a sip of water to prepare myself.

One of the most important factors during an offline meeting is to

find someone you have no trouble talking to.

But things didn't happen like I expected. My only connection to those people was Saori, so I had prepared myself to speak with her first before taking that momentum to join in others conversations. But this titan was busy speaking with others, and didn't even look at me, not once.

—Please join in, Kuroneko-san—

...Even though I wanted you to say that. This is why they say humans have no manners...

Quickly, I started to regret joining in this 'tea party'.

...Hmph...in the end...humans and demons are unable to understand each other...

The second good things in an offline meeting is to be able to keep talking with people around you.

If I could do that, then I would have no problems already. Whoever wrote that website is an idiot.

So I planned to use my best strategy.

To use a character from the masterpiece 'Maschera', the other me —'the queen of darkness'. I specifically made her costume to use on this tea party.

Hey, this girl over there like Maschera too! Can I talk with you...?

I believed something like that would happen.

“...So why...”

Why had no one said anything? No, maybe no one here watched *Maschera* aside from me—but to think that I'm the only one who watched such masterpiece was unbelievable. If that was the case, then it's understandable that no one noticed me.

“...Heh...those guides...are all useless...heh heh...”

I looked down and muttered. I felt like their gazes had disappeared.

...No one watched this masterpiece...such useless humans...

When I was about to show them my angry-filled gaze—

Next to me, someone started talking about *Maschera*.

“Although they said *Maschera* season 2 is bad, I still like it.”

“Me too. The characters are so moe, the plot is so moe, it's really better than the previous season! Lucifer-sama's brave acts are so cool<sup>[5]</sup>!”

“I know, right! Because I watched Lucifer-sama gain emotions, seeing the latest development with committing NTR<sup>[6]</sup> made my chest tight!”

...

I heard them talk about *Maschera*'s charm, but...

I had thought of something to say, but I couldn't voice it out. I looked down instead.

I wanted the time to pass as fast as possible. Hurry up and end this offline meeting. I shouldn't have come here in the first place...

I could only use my cell phone to check the Internet and try to

endure this hell-like atmosphere.

The scene is similar to one of my nightmares—my classroom in school.

Oh...right now I was being assaulted by realistic girls! It was worse than having to deal with low-class demons! At least I could use my ‘dark power’ to protect the others. Let my negative feelings turn into a bomb and blow everything away! Everyone who ignored me should just die already!

Hahahaha... Curse you. Curse you. Whether in sleep or while awake, I curse you—

“...”

No one answered me. Even if someone did, I wouldn’t respond. My eyes swept over each of them.

Go to hell. Go to hell. Go to hell.

When I reached the fourth girl, I noticed that there was one girl who was isolated like me.

That was the brown-haired girl. On the way to this place, she was making some small talk while frantically looking around. Now she was like a statue, unable to say anything.

“...Hm. That is expected. She reaps what she sowed.”

Despite what I said, somehow my chest hurt. I should be happy because someone else was isolated like me...

The lonely figure of the brown-haired girl—is familiar.

Still, I had no intention of speaking with her. If we were sitting next to each other—no, we were similar. Because how shy I am, no matter how much preparation I had, I couldn't speak out. Maybe she sensed my gaze, that girl looked at me.

“...”

Our eyes met for a second, before I looked away.

And then—I noticed another familiar face in the cafe.

That was the man who had reacted earlier. He was the one I saw at the bus station.

...This man...came here together with this brown hair girl?

It happened so fast, but despite that he was eating, I could tell that he was worried about the brown-haired girl. Seeing her looking down in grief, he himself looked like he was about to cry too.

...I see. So that explained it.

...What a cunning woman, asking your lover to come with you.

I was fighting alone, but...very clever!

As usual, I couldn't bring myself to like this girl—

“—The tea party today is coming to an end! Although we are going our separate ways later, I hope we could meet again for a second or a third time! The next meeting will be posted on the group homepage too, so make sure to join us again! Now—dismissed!”

Finally, the painful offline meeting was over. I quickly left my seat and walked away. Behind me, I could hear them talk “Where should

we go next" or "What would we do next time" with their newfound friends.

Those conversations—are totally unrelated to me.

My patience was at its limit. I didn't want to spend even one more second here.

I unconsciously ran toward the bus station.

"Ah...ah...ah..."

The weak human body soon reached its limit. If I used my demonic power, I could turn back into a beast, but I couldn't do it now.

"Ku..."

—Tears fell down from my eyes. What am I doing...?

I placed one hand on the wall to regain my breath when suddenly my cell phone vibrated.

"...Who are you?"

"Ruri-nee? It's me."

"...Eh?"

The call was from the elder of my younger sisters.

"Is something wrong?"

"No...ah... Just now...did you have fun at the offline meeting?"

...Idiot.

"...Of course I had fun! I found some more friends who shared my hobby, and we're going to spend some time more together."

“Wow, I see.”

“Yes, so I might come back late tonight.”

“Alright.”

“I'll be going, then.”

“Ahh...so the offline meeting really went well. ...That's good.”

“...What do you mean by that?”

“Because...Ruri-nee is so shy! So I was worried that you would be too nervous.”

“...Idiot. I haven't fallen so low that I have to ask my little sister to help.”

“Right right. Sorry. Then I won't trouble you anymore. I'm hanging up now. Please enjoy your time together!”

“Sure.”

With a beep, the call ended.

“...Ah...”

I crouched down on the spot.

Just now...just now...I tried to show off again.

But...I couldn't tell my little sister that...I run away from the offline meeting.

What a shame...

I tried to prevent tear froms falling down and thought...that the useless me is not the real me.

The real me had great strength. Noble and arrogant, too... And no one looked down on me. But that is 'me from the other world'. 'Me in this world' is a mere human. So—

...I should spend some time outside.

At least I can protect my little sister's small happiness... That's all I could do.

When I was thinking that...

A huge shadow suddenly surrounded me, just like the sun being suddenly devoured.

“...?”

I turned around and saw the titan girl earlier look at me.

“Ah...that's good... I finally caught up with you...”

“Ah, you are...”

“Kuroneko-shi! I'm Saori-gozaru... You do understand me, right?”

“Eh? Ah...um...”

How could I forget such huge creature!

I just surprised because of her sudden appearance.

“I came here for you...!”

Saori suddenly grabbed my shoulders.

“Ah! What...wait!”

Scary!

I wanted to run away, but the difference between our bodies is too big, so escape was impossible.

“Ah...Sorry.”

Hearing that, Saori released my shoulders.

What did she have in mind? She was probably laughing at me earlier, so why did she chase after me like that...? I don't get it.

“...What do you want?”

I carefully asked. Saori wiped her sweat, took a deep breath and said:

“Um...”

Her mouth twisted into a  $\omega$  shape.

“—Actually, I wanted to invite Kuroneko-shi to a ‘second meeting’.”

“...Me? Why?”

“I want to have a little talk with you. Just now, because we sat too far away from each other, we were unable to talk.”

“...So...why?”

Why am I being so stubborn? I hadn't even listened to her.

“...I need a reason?”

“Yes.”

“Hm...”

Hearing my question, Saori didn't immediately answer. She looked like she was thinking hard. Her expression somehow seemed

familiar...why?

“Because we are similar.”

“...Don’t say something so stupid.”

Similar? You and me? Where? We’re totally opposite.

I returned mock laughter. But Saori didn’t change her expression. Instead, she countered with something more unbelievable:

“—Can I become your friend?”

Until now, I still didn’t get it. How could such a simple smile sound so believable?

“...What did you just say?”

“Heehee, I won’t say it again.”

“...”

“So, Kuroneko-shi, can you come to this second meeting?”

Somehow, I was unable to refuse her request.

Just now, didn’t I wish to end this as fast as possible?

Did I feel happy because I saw Saori again?

Or—

Because her true feelings moved me?

The truth is, there is no right or wrong answer. My feeling was a mess back then, so I couldn’t find out the real reason.

But—I couldn’t keep up my stubborn refusal.

“Is there...anyone else?”

“I and Kuroneko-shi...and I planned to invite Kiririn-shi.”

—My heart skipped a beat. That was the first time I felt this way at a offline meeting.

At first, I thought ‘a little special’...

“...Handle name, Kuroneko.”

“Ah...I...I’m Kiririn. Please...pleased to meet you.”

Thinking back, what I felt back then—

It must be ...My hidden precognition.

## Translator's Notes

↑ Social Networking Site

↑ Seraph is a six-winged angel from the Bible; Uriel is one particular archangel whose name translates to "God is my light". Also, some of the references to Kirino after this also carry the furigana Uriel.

↑ "Clown" as in "troublemaker", not the "big red nose" kind. I think this should mean, "Even those who're usually heedless about their

appearance would feel self-conscious". This general sentence is a little weird...

↑ [Atlas](#) is the Titan cursed to hold the sky. Similarly to Kirino and "Uriel", Kuroneko calls Saori "Atlas" sporadically when referring to her from this point on.

↑ The original word was supposed to be either "apt" or "super" (as in Franky from One Piece's "SUUUPERRRRR!"). If anyone know what ガチ should mean, please by all means correct this.

↑ NTR, or netorare, is a fetish involving adultery. In the west, this is called cuckold. [\[1\]](#)